THE

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WEEKLY MUSEUM,

OR

POLITE REPOSITORY

OF

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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ST. HERBERT.

A TALE.

The sun was verging toward the empurpled horizon, and the evening winds had already unfolded their dewy wings, when the weary Albudor entered the forest, within whose gloomy confines he hoped to find his solitary Caroline, who fleeing from the rigours of parental authority, had taken up her residence with an aged nun of Montreal, in this wilderness. He hesitated some time what course to take, for he had left the beaten road, and saw no traces of a footstep, save where the hungry buffaloe had wandered to browze. Fear smote his heart, and he had half determined to return, when he descried at a little distance something that resembled a path; it had once been one, but it was so long since an human foot had marked its yellow dust, that the purple clover and the airy spear-grass half-concealed it. He pursued it however, and found it to terminate at a shattered gate that stood in a high stone wall of ancient structure, and over which clambered wild grapes and honey-suckles in profusion; and having with much difficulty raised its rusty latch, he entered, and passed down a slope, through a long vista of tall cedars, to an extensive garden. On one hand ran a clear brook over some marble figures that had once been *Jettes d'Eaux*, but now lay in ruins, while shrubs and flowers wildly mingling their luxuriance on either margin, painted the fanciful water with a thousand charming colours. On the other side, a verdant lawn was decorated by a variety of trees, formed into little clumps, with seats of turf beneath them; and nearly in the midst of the square stood a lofty grove of fir. Struck with its solitary air, he approached it, and found that it shaded a small summer-house, that once was elegant, but the busy tooth of time had fretted away its beauty, and left nought but the ruins of grandeur: the roof was supported by eight arches, joined at the bottom by a low ballustrade, round which some tangled evergreens clung, and the pavement was of white marble; an old blue damask sopha rested itself against one side of the building, and opposite to it stood a harpsichord, gray with dust, with a chair before it; while

surprise and joy, I met her; and, foregoing all ceremony, I addressed her, and told her that I had some particular news to relate, pressing her to return home for a few minutes. While I was speaking I observed that she looked very melancholy, and sighed several times; however, I succeeded—and when we had entered a small parlour at her house, told her as much of my history as concerned her.

"'Ah me!' sighed she, as I concluded, 'I am in a worse condition than you, for my uncle is determined to unite me with a man whom I utterly detest, and death would be far more desirable than such a connection.' 'O tell me your name, charming girl,' said I, 'that I may inform my father: he has eloquence, and may dissuade your uncle from his cruel purpose.'

"At that instant her uncle entered. I made him a profound reverence, which he returned with a sulky nod, and passed through the room, saying as he went, 'Louisa, follow me directly, I want you.' She cast a sorrowful glance at me, and arose; when I pressed her yielding hand to my lips, and withdrew.

"As I quitted the porch, I perceived an old man standing at the gate of the next house. 'My friend,' said I, 'can you tell me who is the young lady that lives in the house I have just left?'—'Yes, sir,' returned he, 'it is Miss Howard; she lives with her uncle Maurisson, a cross old fellow who is beloved by nobody.' I put a guinea into his hand, and flew home, with a high beating heart of joy; for I had reason to think that I was not indifferent to her I loved—and I flattered myself that my father's respectability would procure the uncle's consent. 'O, my dear father,' said I, as I entered his room, wild with transport, 'the name of my love is Howard.' 'Howard!' reiterated he, in a tone of voice that culled every smile from my face, 'Howard! and with whom does she reside?' 'With her uncle Maurisson,' I answered. 'Poor fool,' said he, rising and casting at me a look of the utmost disdain, 'poor unfeeling fool, to fix your affections upon that girl. Maurisson, an old capricious villain, the veriest enemy I have in the world! pause on what I say, George—if you resolve to love her, I will rend you from my heart—I will despise you. Go to her and be miserable.'

"The first part of his speech confounded me, but the latter brought me to myself. 'No, sir,' said I, proudly, 'I will not believe that I can ever be miserable with such loveliness; I *will* love her, and I shall willingly bear with the consequences." So saying, I quitted the house, resolved to see Miss Howard immediately.

"But faltering were the steps that led me to her mansion, and perplexed were the thoughts that crowded on my mind; for from the natural severity of my sire's temper, I had not the least doubt but that my reply had forever discarded me from his presence and protection.—I had learned no trade—knew nothing of business—and, excepting two hundred dollars, which my mother had paid *me* the day before, as half of my annuity, I owned nothing in the world. I was perplexed, but not irresolute; for I was determined to obtain Louisa at all events; but how to render her happy was the subject of my study. However, after wandering up one street and down another, I came to the determination of marrying directly, and going to reside upon the frontiers.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO EMMA.

THE wing of time has, with rapid flight, borne away the fleeting months, and left me a debtor to unimproved moments: reflected in the mirror of recollection, they now serve to awaken slumbering reason, and rekindle the drooping flame of virtue. But when we review well-spent hours, 'tis then that fancy arrays them in brighter colours; that vanity usurps the place of retiring diffidence, and presumption of consistency. Did not religion and experience censure romantick enthusiasm and self-applause, pride would depress the gentle spirit of humility, and feelings of mistaken sensibility would throw a false lustre on the path of our duty. If we consider that many of our apparent virtues have been sullied by selfish motives, or exaggerated by fond partiality—that they may have caused the misery of others, the deceitful adulation of the world, and occasional anxieties of our own bosoms—we will surely feel the insignificance of sublunary perfection, and blush at the ebullitions of pride.

Often has the mind of Cœlebs reverted to past occurrences. Deluded by the glare of fiction, he has often traversed the flowery fields of imagination and romance, as well as the grove dedicated to the sentimental and historick muse. He has frequently, too, courted the inspiration of the compository nymph, who, to punish his audacity, loads his style with bombast—his expressions with ambiguity and merciless criticism—and, what is still worse than all, mocks his hopes with tantalizing uncertainty.

"Hope flatters—but her pleasure is to cheat
Her glittering beams, the moonshine of the soul."

Particularly—the chasm which our suspended correspondence produced, has occasioned many a thought respecting the unknown EMMA.—Say, is she still an inhabitant of this gay city; or is her condition the same as when "seventeen short years" smiled upon her?—She is, thought I, in the blossom of her charms, surrounded by fashionable wealthy admirers: how then can she resist such numerous advances, that spring from hearts warmed in the beams of her beauty?—Perhaps, among those who glitter with the trappings of elegance, and attract by the refinements of sense, one whom honour ennobles and grace adorns, regardless of a desponding Cœlebs, may carry off the lovely Emma a willing captive. Should this be the case, may Emma enjoy all the happiness that a virtuous and a useful education can bestow. May the noon of her life, beautified by dutiful children, be followed by the serene evening of age. Then, (like the moon, whose fading glory sinks behind the western hills, and bids adieu to the stars,) may she retire from a corrupted world, blest with the prayers of a beloved offspring, and the hope of a blessed immortality.

"Then shall her grave with rising flowers be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on her breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The place then sacred by her relicks made."

Should this gratulation be unnecessary, still innumerable difficulties present themselves. The veil of concealment—the formal reserve—the freezing language of a pen, and a long cessation of

literary arms, require the artillery of a pair of sparklers more piercing than mine, and the eloquence of a more favoured lover, to surmount opposing obstacles. Shall I be more explicit? In the first place, I desire to peep through that abominable curtain that conceals you from my sight; and O that I possessed the brilliant orbs of some heart-entrancing maid, that I might glance through its inmost recesses. In the next place, I would persuade you to abandon that formal reserve, which your writing by long intervals occasioned, and the silence that has ensued may tend to strengthen. In the third place, the warm language of the heart freezes ere it is consigned to the paper; and consequently by the time you receive this, it will fall like the snow upon your lily hand: but though melting into a tear, it meets only with a cold repulse. In short, the disadvantages that my trembling letter labours under would be extremely dreadful, if the hopes of Emma's undeceiving me in this opinion, did not give ardour to my exertions. In the last place—as you must have nearly forgotten me, I beg you to reflect upon our former acquaintance; and if you think that the poor, unbefriended Cœlebs is worthy of resuming your farther intimacy, let him be gratified, by hearing your voice once more.

As our former epistles have been the subject of animadversion and desultory observation, let these cease to afford as amusement, while there are others of superior excellence. Please to acquaint me how you spend your time; and, if it be not too inquisitive, what amusements you particularly like.

Thus, being unable to withstand longer delay, I am forced to resume my pen, relying on your forgiveness. Let your revivifying voice once more relieve the feelings—the curiosity—the patience—and, if it be of more consequence, the admiration, of the anxious

CŒLEBS.

MAY.

Hail, parent of vegetative beauty! propitious mother of love, all hail! From serenest skies, borne on the wings of the gentle zephyrs, descend to earth, and diffuse thy benignant influence over animate and inanimate nature. At thy approach the loves and graces quit their brumal retreats, and, fresh with immortal youth and beauty, display their captivating charms to admiring mortals.—The fays and fairies nimbly trip the green in nocturnal sport, under thy radiant empire; while the human ear in fancy is regaled with celestial melody.

Kind restorer of nature, in what adequate terms shall I address thee! Shall I call thee the fairest of months that rule the circling year; or will the name of love Maia sound most delightful in thy ears? Bursting from the bosom of the earth, flowers of a thousand dyes open their buds to do thee homage, and spread a variegated carpet for thy feet. The trees protrude their leaves; the blossoms, rich in snowy white, welcome thy vivifying reign; and nature, which lately appeared dormant and dead, wakes from its trance with renovated charms, and displays all its energies in thy honour.

To thee the plumy tenants of the grove pour out their sweetest descant; and in choral harmony, led by the trilling Philomel, sing the wonders of thy creative power, and the felicities of thy delightful sway. Love resounds through the forests; and the sound of joy vibrates

on every gale; while to the enraptured eye, the immortal powers, presiding over bliss, are seen hovering in the air with placid wing; and seeming to participate of the delights which thy bounteous influence imparts.

The wild beasts of the desart lift up their heads, and behold the profusion of thy sweets. O May! they listen—and the charms of music soften their native ferocity; while sensations of pleasure shed a new and unusual mildnes on their aspects.

Parent of all that is lovely—of all that is endearing. Thy divinity is felt in every breast; and every tongue is vocal in thy praise. The young feel their joys sublimed under thy genial sway: the old are invited to retaste the feast, at which they revelled before. Under thy influence, beauty shines with more exalted tints; love binds with more welcome chains; and even the woelorn heart beats with the transient throbs of delight. The bosom that now glows in thy praise, owes all its raptures to thee. While this heart exults at the prospect of thy charms, it gains a temporary relaxation from misery—Well, then, may my voice be raised to thy honour! Thy balm is the opiate of my tortured soul.

Once more on thee I call, O Maia! pour thy gentle spirit on every breast, bind discord in thy flowery chains, and melt the obdurate mind. Raise the empire of love on the only solid basis of virtue and friendship; and teach mankind to be happy, by becoming benevolent and kind.

Alas! man alone of all created things is rebellious against thee. Thy smiles cannot always win him to complacency, nor meliorate his soul. He indulges those passions which thy mild power disclaims; he shuts his bosom against those emotions which thou art best pleased to impress. The malignant passions of revenge, envy, and uncharitableness, are not less ungrateful to thee, than it would be to see the frosts of winter ravaging thy flowers, and despoiling their richest sweets.

When will man awake to a sense of his own felicity! When will he learn to be virtuous and happy! To him who harbours malice, or prides himself in enmity, thy visits, lovely May are a source of pain; and he only gathers the thorns which lurk under thy fairest flowers.

Thee, again, I invoke for protection and joy. Warm my breast with social love pure as the gales that fan the bosom of the new-clad earth; bend every discordant passion to thy will; and teach me to smile at pain and grief. Bless my heart with mutual affection, my eyes with the presence of love; so shall thy divinity as oft as it revisits the earth, receive my hymns of congratulation; so shall thy sway be extened over less lovely days; and the circling months that fill the varied year imbibe a portion of thy ethereal essence.

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MORAL.

An idle body is a kind of monster in the creation: all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them; that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT COURANT.

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

In the natural world, the light succeeded to the darkness. *The evening and the morning were the first day.* And what a morning! Had there been human eyes to behold it, how stupendously magnificent were the sight of the new born sun, rising in majesty, and going forth in his strength! But this, in process of time, becoming a common spectacle, scarcely excited attention. The most part of mankind, if we except the idolatrous worshippers of the heavenly bodies, behold the rising, the setting, and meridian splendour of the glorious sun, with the same apathy as they behold the most trivial objects about them.

In the moral world also, the light succeeded to darkness. No sooner was the human family mantled with darkness, thick darkness, by the apostacy, than light sprang up: light that was small and faint at first, but gradually increased from age to age, till the *Sun of Righteousness arose.*—That glorious luminary, whose benefits are as much superiour to those of the natural sun, as the soul is superiour to the body, is constantly shedding down his light upon our minds, upon our hearts, and upon our paths: and yet we are alike unmindful of these benefits, as of those which we derive from the sun in the firmament. We have grown up under them from infancy. The moral light we behold, and which we always have been accustomed to behold, is so clear, so plain, so consonant to reason, that we mistake it for the light of mere reason itself.

The light that christianity sheds upon us, in contradistinction to the light of reason or nature, is capable of being estimated with some degree of accuracy, by comparing the nations within the pale of Christendom with the nations that are without that pale: not with the roaming hordes of savages, destitute of literature and of the arts—but with nations highly civilized, highly cultivated and polished. Of this description are the countless millions that inhabit the peninsula of India.—Hindostan was the cradle, or rather one of the cradles, of the human race and of the arts. There the arts flourished a very long time before Europe had emerged from barbarism.—Whilst our progenitors were ignorant and prowling savages, the Hindoos were enlightened with science, and polished in manners. And yet, nor reason, nor science, nor knowledge of the arts, all which they have enjoyed so many thousands of years, have illumined the moral faculties of their minds, or even led them to adopt a rational worship of the Great Authour of their existence.

Compare the worship of whatever class of people, now standing lowest in the moral scale of any in all Christendom; nay, compare the worship of popery, as it was in its most corrupted state some centuries ago, with the worship of the polished Hindoos, and mark the amazing difference in favour of the former. And as a help to such comparison, take the following short summary, which I have made from Buchanan's Christian Researches.

The chief idol of Hindostan is Juggernaut; the rites of whose worship consists of shocking exhibitions of obscenity, and libations of human blood. This terrible idol has his principal temple in a town called by his name, in the province of Oressa, which at present is subject to the British empire. Thither pil-

grims resort, not by thousands only, but by tens and hundreds of thousands; as well from the remotest as from the adjacent parts of India. As you travel towards the temple of Juggernaut, the road is covered with pilgrims before and behind, as far as the eye can reach—marching slowly, with their wives and children, under a scorching sun. Some you see stooping with age, and others labouring under mortal distempers, yet exerting the utmost of their little remains of strength to reach the temple of their god, that they may die in his presence. Others perish in the way—and being left unburied, are fed upon by dogs, jackals, and vultures.

Ere you come within fifty miles, you know it to be the road to Juggernaut, by the human skulls and bones spread over it. When arrived at this region of the shadow of death, the habitation of the idol, you behold the town surrounded with an innumerable multitude of squalid famishing pilgrims, with clotted hair and painted skins, practising their various austerities and modes of self-torture. Upon entering the town, (if it be the great day of the idolatrous feast,) you see a stupendous car or tower, sixty feet in height, resting on wheels, and drawn by men. On the top of the car you see a throne surrounded by priests; and upon the throne, *a block of wood, of a frightful visage, painted black; with a mouth distended, and of a bloody colour.* It is *Juggernaut!* It is the *god* ofHindostan!

Instantly the welkin rings with the yell-like acclamations of innumerable multitudes of men; the females joining the chorus in a kind of hissing scream, with the lips circular, and the tongue vibrating as if a serpent were speaking by their organs.—Now the horrors of the scene thicken. The car that bears the idol moves on; and, as it slowly moves, the wheels, prest down by the ponderous weight above, deeply indent the ground. And now is the moment for devotees of Juggernaut to pay him their last and most acceptable homage: they fall prostrate, women as well as men, before the moving wheels which support his throne, and are crushed into the earth. Their dead bodies are cast forth as a prey to ravenous beasts and birds; polluting the atmosphere, which the worship of Juggernaut renders constantly fetid and loathsome.

BEAUTY.

Beauty may be divided into two departments—the sublime, and what may be styled the harmonick. They are totally different from each other in effect, and are the peculiar distinctions of the two sexes. In proportion as the male partakes of the harmonick, so much does he lose in dignity; and the more the female acquires of the sublime, the more she loses in sweetness and delicacy, and the chief characteristicks of her order.

The beauty of the eye consists chiefly in its langour or briskness. In the first there is more sweetness and delicacy; in the latter more vivacity and expression. When once the languid eye makes itself understood, its expressions are deep and lasting; the other, surprizing by its splendour, and dazzling by its vivacity, loses its effect by the quickness of the cause.

GODFREY OF BOLLOIGN.

When this great champion of the Crusades was inaugurated king of Jerusalem, he was offered a crown. He meekly declined it, saying, "I will never wear a crown of gold in the place where my Saviour wore a crown of thorns."

THE ELEPHANT.

The following curious fact is given on the authority of Buffon: A soldier in Pondicherry, who was accustomed, whenever he received the portion that came to his share, to carry a part of it to an elephant, having one day drank rather too freely, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. In vain did the guard try to force him from this asylum:—the elephant protected him with his trunk. The next morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the body of this huge animal. The elephant, which, without doubt, perceived the embarassment of the poor fellow, caressed him with his trunk, in order to dissipate his fears, and make him understand that he might now depart in safety.

SPECIMEN OF TURKISH WIT.

A man of rank, remarkably unpleasing in his countenance and figure, was married, (according to custom, without having first seen her unveiled,) to a lady whose pretensions to personal attractions did not exceed his own. On the morning after their marriage, she demanded of him to whom of her friends she might show her face with freedom. "Show it," said he, "to all the world, but hide it from me."—"Patience," rejoined the lady. "I have none," returned the bridegroom. "Ah!" said she, "I think you must have had a good share, for you have carried that abominable great nose about with you all your lifetime."

NECK AND HEELS.

Was married some time since, in England, Mr. Obadiah Neck to Miss Patience Heels. This is a close, but rather a crooked union.

ANECDOTES.

A poor unfortunate gentleman who was so often stopped by the sleeve by the sheriffs and constables, that he was in continual apprehension of them, going along the street, his coat sleeve, as he was moving along in a hurry, happened to hitch upon a railing. Turning about hastily, he immediately asked, "At whose suit, sir, at whose suit?"

An illiterate shop-keeper having an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it "for *sail*." A waggish school-boy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the vender of wares, immediately wrote beneath, "for freight or passage, apply at the bung-hole."

THE PREACHER.

The succeeding elegant and original description, is extracted from an entertaining little book, entitled "World without Souls."—"The Preacher took his station. Time had laid his hands upon him, and had gently wrinkled his brows; they were, however, wholesome tracks, the furrows of the winter's field—the meet and honourable ornaments of a head silvered by the snows of fourscore years. The eye bore its testimony, that the revelation on which it rested was true, by indicating how long the soul can survive the body—and its brow, like that arch which bestrides the heavens, not only said that the storm had passed away, but, like it, prophesied also of a peace which was to come."

DR. GOLDSMITH.

Speaking of Dr. Johnson's force and perseverence in disputation, said, "There is no arguing with him; for, if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt of it."

TO THE PATRONS OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE regions of literature are as various and diversified as those of the natural world; and as many different tracks open upon the view of her votaries—as many different paths lie spread before them—as there are various pursuits and innumerable avocations among the bustling family of man. To some it is given with bold and fearless hand to sweep the lyre of heaven; with eye that never winks, and wing that never tires, to soar through the realms of fancy, upborne by the plaudits of cotemporaries, and eternal in the remembrance of posterity. The profound metaphysician, the subtle disputant, the deep mathematician, the persevering philosopher, have each their separate—their extensive field of influence. The historian of ages, elated with the dignity of his task, derives reflected honour from the stupendous work of his industry—immortal renown from being handed down to succeeding ages with those illustrious worthies and mighty conquerors, whose names have swelled the trumpet of the goddess.

These have their reward and their usefulness.—It is not given to all to follow in their footsteps, or emulate their example; but there are humbler walks, where if no 'deathless laurel' can be gathered, the simple and modest flow'ret invites the traveller's hand---where, if beyond their narrow precincts no light surrounds and illumines them, still pleasure beams within---transient, yet captivating; and though fading, dear to the heart.

Let the literary hero, in the pride of mental conquest, and of acknowledged superiority, spurn from beneath him the humble ephemerals; let the critic sneer at that which does not even aspire to being criticized---still shall a garland be spared to adorn those pages where vice was never permitted to intrude, from whence modesty never retired in indignation. Still shall they claim their share of honour, where oft the eye of beauty has rested----where oft the hand of beauty has poured the numbers of the sheil.

They claim no sounding honours; they boast no perpetuity of fame. But a few years shall have elapsed when they shall sleep in the profoundest oblivion. Yet if their feeble lustre shall have lit one smile upon the brow of discontent or of sorrow---yet if their weak attempts shall have gilded one moment with the rays of enjoyment, let them not be treated with neglect. Far higher merit is their's than that which is claimed by those meretricious, venomed delights, that leave their traces behind---the traces of corruption, imperceptibly, but alas! too indeliably fixed.

This, however, is not all. Long after forgetfulness shall have breathed her cold and chilling air over the recollection of the things that have been, the emotions once excited continue to operate; the principles formerly imbibed continue to direct. However small may be the share that periodical papers of this nature can claim in regulating the feelings, or in establishing the sentiments, their influence must, of necessity, operate in some degree. If, then, they are employed in pointing to youth the path of propriety; to all ages and sexes the proper method of curbing the passions that require to be checked; in exciting and regulating those that need the spur; in strewing the roses of fancy amid the thorny paths of experience—let the proud philosopher yield, and the critick blush, if he can, who would condemn, as unworthy and contemptible, periodical vehicles of information and instruction.

That such shall be the tendency of this little work, the publisher pledges his judgment and principles, as well as the experience of the past. In commencing a new volume, he confidently looks forward to the support of his patrons, feels justified in claiming their continued favour, and will ever strive to merit their approbation.

MENTAL PLEASURES.

THE streams of mental pleasures, of which all men may equally partake, flow from one to the other: and that of which we have most frequently tasted, loses neither its flavour nor its virtue, but frequently acquires new charms, and conveys additional pleasure, the oftener it is tasted.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come Spring, with genial influence mild!
All hail to nature's first born child!
Advance! and cheerless beauty cheer,
Arise! and clothe the naked year;
For every shrub and bush and tree,
Thy coming waits impatiently;
See Flora stands at thy command!
To decorate our native land;
The flowers she bids again to smile,
On beauty, ling'ring there the while;
The rose, the lovely rose to bloom
O'er Winter's desolated tomb;
Again she bids the trees be blest
In leafy verdure gaily drest,
To give repose to those that sing
And hail thee, blest reviver spring,
Who then in grateful notes of praise,
Shall tune their long neglected lays,
And give to winds that gently blow,
The memory of departed woe;
And cheerfullness shall there be seen
To loiter on the peaceful green,
And beauty's eye shall then appear,
Emburthened with the lovely tear.
Come then, oh Spring, beloved of old,
And renovate our languid mould,
Come then and "dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;"
Come then dispel the clouds that fly
Across the face of winter's sky,
And may our glooms and cares be driven,
As clouds from off the brow of Heaven.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO AMELIA.

"Not show'rs to larks or sunshine to the bee,
"Are half so charming as thy sight to me."

POPE.

Behold the reign of evening pass away;
Behold the morning of another day:
Full in the splendor of his opening light,
Day lifts his golden sceptre o'er the night;
Throws back, tho' gently, nature's sullen veil,
Repeats to circling lands the wondrous tale.
Bright on their gilded wings emits his rays,
Precursor sure of his resplendant blaze.
Amelia know, the morning of thy day,
Fleet as the wings of eagles, glides away;
Those huey tints that play upon thy cheek,
Flush'd with the rose of morning, that bespeak
Retiring modesty and female grace,
Shall, with the hours of morning, leave their place;
Those sparkling eyes, those dazzling orbs of thine
Shall, as thy morning leaves thee, cease to shine:
Amelia, with the lustre of the morn,
Shall fade those lively beauties that adorn
Thy form enchanting, thy attractive face.
But not all beauty, dignity and grace
Shall with thy transient morning pass away;
No, the mild radiance of thy mental day,
Will shine with greater lustre at the close
Of nature's day, when nature asks repose:
When nature's night draws heav'ly on her day,
And nature's morning glories fade away,
Then we behold with ceaseless vigor shine
The mental radiance, proof it is divine,
And shall, when nature's self and time decay,
Shine with the glories of immortal day.
Seek then Amelia, in thy morning hour,
Before the palsying clouds of evening lour,
'T adorn thy mind with ev'ry finer hue;
And keep, in ev'ry strait, this truth in view;
Youth rightly spent, in searching wisdom's page,
Gives beauty, grace and dignity to age.

SUILENROC.

JULIA.

The sun had set, and o'er the cheek of eve
Full many a deepening tint had twilight drawn;
When lost to dreams which giddy pleasures weave,
And wrapt in thought of days for ever gone—

Julia, the hopeless Julia, pensive stray'd
Thro' the thick wood, and reckless of their blooms,
Pluck'd many a wild flow'r from the tangled shade;
But, sighing, tasted not their rich perfumes

The ev'ning star now op'd his liquid eye,
And rising from the east, in clouds of light,
The clear moon glided thro' the azure sky,
Robing the woods & plains in silvery white.

Fast by a hanging bank's romantic side,
O'er which the ash and lime luxuriant grew,
A summer-seat was placed, amid the pride
Of many a wood-rose light, and lilac blue:

Here Julia sunk, and musing as she sat,
Heard not the rising wind sublimely pass,
Which sounding, whirl'd in air her simple hat,
Then flung it prone amid the sighing grass.

Loose to the gale her nut-brown tresses stream'd;
Her soft white breast was chill'd, and on her cheek
The crowded tears beneath the moon-light gleam'd,
Washing the faint trace of its colour weak.

Fix'd were her eyes upon the distant bound
Of the black landscape, buried deep in shade,
For the pale orb but shed her beams around
The spot, where sat the melancholy maid.

"Oh! at this hour—with lifted hands she cried—
At this most lonely hour of summer night,
When all these woods, that stretch their arms so wide,
Slept, still and silent, 'mid a world of light—

Here on this spot, in his dear arms I lay,
Who now imprison'd on a distant shore,
Hopeless recals the cheerful blaze of day,
And sweeter freedom of this peaceful hour.

Here my lost soldier caught the latest kiss,
Here told and listen'd to the constant vow;
Ah! even these were ecstasies of bliss,
To the deep tortures of my bosom now.

Long may I look in vain—these swimming eyes
No more shall weep upon his faithful breast,
No more shall lighten, as his potent sighs
Burst from that heart to which his love is press'd.

Perhaps in some dark cell, a slave to woes,
His fair hair scatter'd, and his blue eyes dim,
He lies expiring—no fond hand to close
The tender eye, nor shroud the marbled limb.

Oh God! even now beneath the tyrant steel,
Lost he may be to Julia and to love,
His cold form spurn'd by many a lawless heel
And left gross insult from each wretch to prove.

Ye heavenly powers! that form which has so oft
Fill'd these fond arms, and thrill'd with every glow
Of lofty valour, or mild mercy soft—
You—even *mercy* to this cruel foe.

Unhappy youth! O dearer, dearer still,
Where'er you are, or free in tranquil death,
Or forc'd the bitter cup of life to fill—
O! thy poor Julia loathes her vital breath!"

Struggling, and spent, by many a sob suppress,
Her faint voice died—while gushing from her eyes,
Which now her icy hands convulsive prest,
Fast flow'd the tears which misery supplies.

Awful in grief, she sat a silent space,
The yellow moon-light, pensive, silvering o'er
The half-hid features of her youthful face,
The long white drapery which her figure wore.

Soft as the south wind, hurried as the north,
"Julia! O Julia!" struck her startled ear,
Rising, a piercing shriek her voice sent forth,
Then sinking, sought those arms, so fond, so dear.

Yes—it was Pollio; who from death remov'd
Now kiss'd her red lip, and delighted spoke:
Hastening to her who was alone belov'd,
Her own fair form upon his vision broke.

" O Julia! Julia! do I live to see
Those beauties yet my own, and heighten'd still
By a pure heart, devoted firm to me?
I do--I do; the tears which now distil

O'er thy warm cheek, assure me that thou art
Yet all my own!" so spoke the ardent youth,
And more impetuous to his eager heart
Snatch'd once again the emblem of fair truth.

To their blest sighs the rude winds soften'd fell,
The moon shone clearer, and each closing flow'r
And waving lime, shed round a spicy spell,
To consecrate to Love this hallow'd hour.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1816.

Intelligence.

Papers from England have been received since our last as late as the 24th March—but they contain little of any consequence.

On the 14th of March the Prince Regent sent a Message to both Houses of Parliament, communicating his having given the royal consent to a marriage between his daughter the Princess Charlotte Augusta, and the Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

Parliament subsequently voted sixty thousand pounds for their annual allowance, and the same as an outfit, to purchase furniture, plate, carriages, jewels, &c.

A letter from Madeira. dated Feb. 8, says, "There happened a dreadful earthquake here early on the 2d inst. it was very violent, and continued from three to five minutes, according to different opinions; it has thrown down the cross from one of the parish churches, rent its walls, and other churches and houses are damaged throughout the island; but what I think is more alarming, an American ship arrived here on the 5th inst.; the master of her reports, that on the 2d inst. between the hours of twelve and one in the morning, then being about 300 miles from the Azores and 700 from hence, his ship got almost on end, and appeared as if run aground; the crew were dreadfully alarmed and sounded, but could find no bottom. They could not account for so extraordinary a circumstance until their arrival here; therefore there is cause to believe some accident has happened to the Azore Islands, or somewhere."

A London paper observes, that the total number of persons that have belonged to the 42d regiment, from 1797 to the present time, is 13,127. There are only three men in the corps that fought against Bonaparte's Invincibles in Egypt.

The second wife of a butcher of the name of Law, of Portglenne, in Ireland, was lately delivered of a daughter. The veteran of the cleaver is now in the 98th year of his age; his son, by his former marriage, has just attained his 76th year; and his infant daughter is great aunt to nearly 70 men, women, and children.

A dark spot has been observed for several days on the disk of the sun.—— From the hazy state of the atmosphere, it may be seen soon after sun rising, and for some time before his setting, with the naked eye, and at any time through the day, by the aid of a smoked glass.

David M'Clure, Professor of Mathematics, at Philadelphia, after describing this spot, says, "It is probable that this spot is a Comet fallen into the Sun. The apparent shape of the spot helps to confirm this conjecture, as it is of an eliptical form, somewhat pointed at one end, which is the shape into which globular bodies are thrown when fallen obliquely upon a plane.

This idea is not altogether new, for sir Isaac Newton computes that a Comet in 1680 approached towards the Sun's surface, within less than a sixth part of the Sun's diameter; and by moving with an immense velocity in that nearness, he concludes that it must have been retarded by the resistance of the Sun's atmosphere, and consequently

must approach nearer and nearer after every revolution, till at last it falls into the Sun.

When viewed through a small spy-glass, (which magnifies 15 times,) it appears in shape like a bee, the black part, or nucleus, representing the body, and the lighter shaded parts, or umbra, resembling the wings expanded. The length of the nucleus appears to be about equal to a twenty-fifth part of the sun's diameter, which would make it 35,000 miles; the umbra is doubtless of much greater extent. It has advanced about two-thirds across the disk from the eastern side, and seems to have passed rather above the centre.

Galileo who made the first discovery of spots in the Sun, observed one in 1612, which was so large as to be plainly visible to the naked eye.

Others, represent those spots as nothing new; tho' any so large as the present one are but rarely seen. Dr. Herchell supposes them to proceed from openings in the sun's atmosphere which show the opake body of that luminary. He saw one of these openings in 1779, which he estimated at 50,000 miles in diameter. The present one is said not to be quite so large.

A violent shock of an earthquake is said to have been felt in this city, about 3 o'clock in the morning of Wednesday last.

Such has been the state of the weather during the greatest part of the last winter, that the winter crops of grain are likely to fail in many parts of the country; and such has been the backwardness and dryness of the spring that vegetation is nearly a month later than common. The Columbian says, "Many of the farmers in New-Jersey are ploughing up their fields of winter-grain, which the drought has ruined. The want of rain is felt every where, and is likely to blast the beauties of spring. Confirmed dryness causes a dreary prospect.

A letter from Charleston to a gentleman in New-York, states that an unusual drought has parched the ground, withered the foliage and vegetation of all sorts, and dried up springs and brooks. For upwards of three months there had not fallen a drop of rain. Remaining casks of fresh water taken from New-York and the north, were eagerly bought at a high price; and reckoned a very valuable article of merchandise!—Here too, every thing in athirst for rain.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Mason, Mr James Otterson, to Miss Sarah Leader, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Mr Henry Slack, to Mrs. Joanna Miller, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Elias Valentine to Miss Martha Patten, of this city.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. John C. Clarkson, to Miss Louisa Hicks, daughter of the late John Hicks.

By the same, John Abraham Willink, esq. of Amsterdam, to Miss Cornelia Ann Ludlow, eldest daughter of the late Charles Ludlow, esq. of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, capt. Alexander R. Thompson, of the U S. Army, to Miss Maria W. Nexsen, daughter of Elias Nexsen, esq.

By the same, Mr. Mathew C. St. John, to Miss Maria Pinckney, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Jesse Dennis, to Miss Eliza Elsworth, of this city.

By the rev. James Smith, Mr Isaac M. Ward, to Miss Ann George, both of this city

Mr. Benjamin S. Solomon, of Montreal to Miss E. M. Seixas, daughter of the rev. G. M. Seixas, of this city.

OBITUARY.

Report of deaths in the city of New-York, for the week ending April 27th, 1816——42.

DIED,

Mrs. Elizabeth M'Cartee, in her 78th year.

Mr. Jonathan Smith, aged 66.

Mr. James Duke, aged 78.

Anthony L. Bleecker, esq. aged 75.

Mrs. Hannah Copp, aged 63.

Mr. John Mein, after a short illness.

Mr. George N. Spellman.

Mrs Susannah M'Dermut, wife of Mr. Robert M'Dermut, bookseller.

At Trenton, Stacy Potts, esq in the 85th year of his age.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

From a late Dublin paper.

A Roman Catholic clergyman when on his way home to a village in the county of Cavan, was accosted in the evening by a man on horseback, who asked the clergyman to recommend him lodgings. The man pretended to be afraid to stop at the house the priest recommended, as it was full of Orangemen. The priest offered a bed, and a place for his horse, at his own residence, to which the stranger assented; after taking some refreshment, they retired to their apartments. The man servant of the clergyman having occasion to go into the stranger's bed chamber before he had gone to bed, observed under his great coat a blunderbuss. On quitting the room, which he did instantly, he went to his master, and told him he did not like the appearance of his guest, that he was armed and probably had bad intentions. His master, upon this statement, desired him not to go to bed, but to arm himself with a pitchfork, and sit up in the kitchen; while he at the same time loaded a case of pistols, and sat up also reading, to beguile the time. In the dead of the night the priest's door was opened, and the man whom he had sheltered entered the room, presented the blunderbuss, and desired him to deliver his money, or he would shoot him; the clergyman requested he would put down the blunderbuss, lest it should actually go off, and that he would show him what money he had; the priest then threw on the table a few ten-pennies, saying that was all the money he had; on which the other replied, he knew he had plenty of money, and that he came for the purpose of getting it, and that if he had not brought him to his house, he would have that night broken into it. The priest then told him what money he had was in the desk that stood in the corner of the room, and putting his hand in his pocket, took out the key, which he threw on the table; during the time he had been in the room, the ruffian was threatening him with immediate destruction; however, he took up the key, laid down the blunderbuss, and went towards the desk, when the priest drew one of the pistols, fired at him, and killed him on the spot! The moment the report of the shot was heard, the hall door was forced in, and 4 men entered, and rushed into the room; the priest collected for the worst event, took up the blunderbuss, when he heard the crash of the door, and firing amongst them as they entered, killed two, and a third with the reserved pistol; the servant attacked the fourth with the pitchfork, and inflicted a wound in his back, but he unluckily escaped.

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF THE NINE MUSES.

The muses originally consisted of only three in number: Mnemosyne, Memory, Melete, Meditation, Aede, Song.—They were augmented to the number of nine, because the inhabitants of their ancient town, desirous of placing in the temple of Apollo the statues of the three Muses, and they being of extraordinary beauty, they ordered three of the most skilful sculptors to execute, each, the statues of these three muses, which made up the number of nine; and from which it was proposed to select the three most perfect statues—but the nine were so beautiful, that it was agreed to take them all, and to place them in the temple, and call them the nine Muses. From this accident, they derived their origin, and the six other attributes of poetry were given to the additional sister.

Universal consent is not always a sufficient reason to found our belief upon. There was a time when all the world, except the Jews, agreed in idolatry; and sometimes the Jews agreed with them.

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